159 but the judge at Kernville told him he couldn't
764 because Pete had children and the horses belonged
765 to them. That's the way the old-timers always wanted to do; if a man died his brothers or par-
159 ents took away the man's possessions instead of
768 letting the widow have any of them. Not the dead man's clothes, because they were burned, but his horses, wagon, or anything like that. Now they can't do that way.

159 My husband was killed in November and I didn't
765 eat meat after that until the next March. I cut my hair right after he was killed; I cut it off so that it came down a little way over my shoulders. And Legora and I wore black dresses for
● [777] one yr. It gives you bad luck if you wear black too long; one yr. is enough. The old-timers never used to wash their faces after a relative had died, until they ate meat again; they bathed, but they never washed their faces. I washed mine
[572] though, before I ate meat. Legora and my son helped me get that money to eat meat again; I paid my ta·gin $50 for washing my face. I had a cousin for a ta·gin; she moved over to Visalia and died there.

159 Nobody saw that white man kill my husband; a
626 long time afterward Legora heard that man tell
522 somebody, "I killed my good friend, but he talked bad to me; I couldn't stand it." One time after that Legora saw that white man when he was drunk; she went up to him and she said, "You killed my father; now I'm going to kill you." He was frightened; it made us all laugh, how frightened he was. "Oh, no, Legora; don't do that! Don't kill me," he said. He looked funny when he said that, so frightened. Legora and all of us laughed and laughed at him.

159 Two yrs. after my husband died Willie Andreas
591 started living with Legora. She was 17 yrs. old
585 then. We lived up at yïtiyamup; Legora and Willie and I lived in the same house. I used to sit down all the time and make baskets. Not very many women made baskets then; Petra Nichols made them, too. Legora had a boy born to her.

159 One time my son had a fight with a Tule River
578 reservation man living up here. They got into a
278 quarrel; my son hit the Tule man on the head with a spur. After that fight the Tule man wouldn't ever talk to my son again. That man had poison; something, I don't know what; all those Tule reservation people have poison and they all know about it, men, women, young boys. It's Indian poison. The Tübatulabal don't have that poison up here (i.e., make it), but one of those witches living up at the Onyx rancheria has some; they say she got it when she lived at Tule, and that she has it up here now. They put it in your food, in your cigarettes, in your drinks; in anything like that.

159 After that fight, one time my son got drunk and slept outside on the ground all night. It was cold; it was in November and there was frost on the ground. November was the same month my husband was killed in, 4 yrs. before.